

To his friend *John Taylor*, the ingenious *Poet*
Aquaticus, and the Author of this most
wholesome following *Black-*
mouth'd biting *Satire*.

NOr speack nor silence now adayes protects
Men from the Critticks Bolt, he spies defects
(At least pretends so) in the thought of man
As well as in his actions; shall I than
That have a free-borne spirit balke the way,
Because a *Dogge* barkes, or an *Ass* doth bray?
Or cause some rash foole, such an one as hee
That late revil'd the Prince of Poetry
Shall rip up thy beginning, and shall raile
And find exceptions out (*Sans* head or taile)
Shall this I say deterre me from bestowing
An approbation where'tis justly owing?
No, I have read thy Fancies, and desire
Whilst others censure thee, I may admire
How the *Castilian* Flood should swell so high
To drench thy *Skull*, and raise thy Poetic
To such a pitch; while many a Learned braine
Spake onely prose, short of thy weakest straine:
Meane while thy Bookes and these salute thee, all
Thy friends here doe the like in generall:
And this thy harmelesse and just *Satire* shall
Make thee and it; be lov'd in generall.

Allandro pasqueto Mallatrumpa entantrino liuroe.

*Il vento Chioli, Mauritambull Tella fulgare,
Antro della campo il D antro Cordi sublima
Pantarbos, stremo standina eschine vandri
Bene in sbendo, terciapenthe dissadi.
Macrops, Sans fida vocifera Randa Bavinea,
Allarchndrea quanto, Eltrada Pirminoy venta,
Mega Poltimanton, Thearba quasie quicunque
Triptolina Tiphon, Quabacondono sapho.
Terra tragous sophye, sunt diacalcithee Geata.*

Avostre Obferdandi
Zhean De Fistye cankie
De sallamanca Andalousia.

Or thus you may English it, in the transcending
praise of the Author, and his following Book.

*Till Phœbus blustering blasts shall cease to blow,
And Æolus shall hide his radiant Raies,
Till Vulcans Forge be fram'd of Scithian Snow,
And Neptune like a Shepherd spend his dayes;
When Saturne shall sell Mouse-trapps, and allow
Mars to sing Madrigalls, and Round-delays:
Then shall thy Booke and thee be out of Date,
And scorne the fury of consuming Fate.*

*To your Worthinesse in all
Observance Devoted*

*John Desistie Cankie of
Sallamanca in
Andalusia.*



A most Horrible, Terrible, Tollerable, Termagant Satyre:

*Most fresh and newly made, and prest in Print,
And if it bee not lik'd, the Divells in't.*

I Satyre. The Proud man.



Hat in the World doth true content-
ment give,
That Man should have desire therein
to live?

Yet is it not so full of sinfull staines,
But he doth make it worse that most complains.
Pride doth for *Hamans* Honour madly hope,
But never minds his Ladder, or his Rope;
So Elephants are mighty Beasts, but when
They fall can hardly ever rise agen:
And 'tis a signe that honour is extorted,
And basely got that is with pride supported.

(2)

That cannot mount men to eternall Blisse;
Which cast the Angels thence to Hells Abisse :
It is a Fabricke that on Sand is builded,
A feigned glory with damnation guilded.
Ambition deemes the world not transitory,
And Flattery blowes the Bladders of Vaine-glory,
Which makes th'ambitious swim to honors brink;
Untill Time pricks their Bladders ;then they sink.
By fooles he may be valued at high rate,
A Bugbeare, or a Skar-crow in a State,
A Mountebanke of Honour, or a *Thing*,
That may in Post-hast to Promotion spring :
And may with whimsies milch a Common-wealth
And purchase, by his Universall stealth,
Gods curse and mans, and more; he may doe this
Be way of Change, or Metamorphosis; (need,
Turne men to *Silke-wormes*, forcing them through
From out their bowels spin his gawdy weede.
Consider this thou new made *Mushrom man*,
Thy *Life's a Blast*, a *Bubble*, and a *Span*;
And thou with all thy *Gorgeous trappings gay*,
Art but a *Mouldring lump of guilded Clay*.
Thy out-side may be Rich, thy inside poor, (deere
Worse than the wretch that begs from doore to
What though thy Coate be richer Stuffe than mine?
And that thy Linnen be more pure and fine?
Or that thy Periwig bee sweetly scented,
Most neatly Keam'd, slick'd, curled and indented ?
What

(3)

What though I be nine dayes behind the fashion
Or that my Breech be of the old Translation?
Not to be drawne on with a shooring-horne
As *Quail-pipe* Breeches are, and wise men scorn
What though with points I am not Trust below
My small unto my anckle? (Oh rare show)
What though that I observant be to thee,
And stand before thee bare, with bended Kneec?
Will my Flat off, cause thy head cease to ake?
Or my Leg make the Gout thy Limbes forsake?
Or doth not my poore duty puffe thee higher,
And swell thy too much hatefull Pride t'aspire?
Then is my manners quite misplac'd, for I
Have no mind to commit Idolatry;
Unto a thing that's out of Reliques made
From Drapers, Mercers, and the Silk-mans Trade
I'll bend no Kneec, nor shall my Bonnet Wagge,
To Velvet Reminant, or a peece of Shagge;
A Plush *Plus ultraman* in scorne and pride,
Such *joyes*, such *Popping-joyes* my Lines deride: (him
His Tayler made, and shap'd, and trim'd & trick'd
And (like a young Beare) into fashion lick'd him:
He put his Corps in suite, and brave Array,
And after puts his Bill in Suite for pay.
Such *Things* as those
Nor will I give th'
For though man'
Of all the trees

(4)

hath he not these gifts to man allow'd,
that he should be thereby ambitious, proud.
There must be neate distinctions of Superiours
Habits; to bee knowne from their inferiours:
Is hee's a *Cinnick*, and a stupid Stoicke
that will not Reverence such as are Heroicke;
Goodnesse with Greatnesse, Merits, Dignity
(Most gracious gifts of Heavens Benignity)
or Honours due, where Honour doth belong;
And those that yeeld it not their soules doe wrong.
And gorgious Garments may be justly worne,
that yet not lin'd with pride, contempt, and scorne.
And doth hate *Pride*, the gate of *Heaven* is low,
And all that enter there must humbly Bow.
I value no man for that which hee doth weare,
nor value any man for what they were;
His in-side being good, I care not which,
Whether his out-side be or poore or Rich;
For *Tarquin*'twas unkingly, most unfit
for him a Rape on *Lucrece* to commit;
Yet though the fault were foule, 'tis understood
'twas done by lustfull youth, and heate of blood:
No doubt, but *Tarquin* (in those Heathen Times)
besides that fact had many other crimes;

Teacherous,
Teacherous;
to Riot,
et;

But

But all these Vices were not in him seene,
 They seem'd in him as if they had not beene :
 For they (like Vermin) all did hide and throwe
 In th' odious Title of *Tarquin* the Proud.
 Thus though mans Life to sundry sins is thrall,
 Prides gaudy Canopy doth hide them all.



2. Satyre. *The Avaricious or Covetous
 Man, and Projector.*

WHat Title best befits that cursed Wretch,
 That daily makes his Cheverell Conscience
 stretch,

His mucke unto his Neighbours mucke to joyne,
 And be a Bawd to his engendring Coyne;
 Whose soule to damned Avarice is sold,
 And (like an *Atheist*) knowes no God (but Gold)
 And pale-fac'd Silver is his Goddesse pure,
 To gaine whom, he all slavery will endure ;
 Doe any villany with hand or Braine,
 (Provided that the end of it be gaine)
 Live like a Rascall, beggerly and bare,
 Lye downe in sorrow, and rise up in care ;
 Rake, and racke Tenants to the very Bones,
 Respecting neither Teares, or sighes, or moanes ;

And

(6)

nd keepe a House (as Hunger-starv'd as Hell)
With whom the Mice and Rats disdain to dwell;
Whose Christmas Dinner (in a Pipkin drest)
He counts a costly and Voluptuous Feast.
It let him be invited once abroad,
The riranzing Wolfe will lay on load
If he never in his life did eate;
Or that he never after should see meat:
His often his ungentle Guts are cram'd,
Not at his owne charge, he will first be daman'd;
His Begger'd in his mind insatiate
He lookes on *Midas* State, forgets his Fate;
He will not weare the Asses Eares in vaine,
He once (perhaps) may weare a golden Chaine:
Or if not so, hee'll scrape what wealth he can
To make his Lack-wit Sonne a Gentleman,
For whom (more Mad than any man of *Goatham*)
Hee'll dye to *Tagus Sands*, or Hels vast bottom?
All that he doth possesse he counts it none,
His Neighbours State he daily dotes upon;
Amidst his Masse of Riches hee's not rich,
Tis *Achans* Wedge that doth his soule bewitch:
Thus like a Fiend of Hell he neither cares
For Orphans iniuries, or Widdowes teares;
His cares are deafned to their lamentations.
His Coffers fill'd with Coyne and execrations;
Himselfe growes old and Gouty, Rhumaticke,
Most loathsome Coughing, Wayward, Chollerick,
Noylome

Noysome to all, and stinkes above the ground,
Despisd and slighted like a mangy Hound.

His Wife, his Children, Kin, and Family
All looke upon him most disdainfully; (rate
He coughs, spits, spawles, and in the throat dou
And death and him are in a mortall Battle:

His people pittie him, and altogether
They wish him dead & gone, they care not whither

He would say somewhat but he cannot speake,
He fumbles with the Sheets, his Eye-strings breake
Within his mouth he mumbles, champs & chawes

These 12. next following lines shall shew the cause
A *Mole's* a *Mole*, whose food is onely Mold, &
And best of mold is but refined gold:

God Mammon is of such high Eminence,
It makes man love Dame *Tellus* Excrements,

'Tis vices glory, Vertues Laughing Stocke,
The Misers honour, and true Bounties mocke;

And he that lives a slave, and dyes a Knave,
Is most unworthy of a Christian Grave.

He hides his wealth, and at his dying day,
He in his Dying chopps doth hide the Key;

And in those hidings he is quite bereaven
Of Keyes and Lockes, and entrance into Heaven.

He dyes and stinkes, and every one is glad,
(Although for fashion sake some must seeme sad:)

He must be buried, and a Banquet spent,
Which if hee knew it would his mind torment.

(8)

in his life ne're kept a Feastivall;
and grieves to have one at his Funerall;
or ought I know, his Son the head hangs down;
(A merry living for a mourning Gowne)
then in the Grave the fragile Corps are put
here, till the Resurrection closely shut;
and on his Monumentall stone, or Tombe,
his good Deedes are Insculpt in little roome.

Epitaph.

Here lyes a might interr'd beneath this Stone,
Who was of Age neere fourescore yeares and one;
He with all hidden vertues was possesst,
And kept them, for he few or none exprest:
In all the time which he did here survive,
His holy care was to live long, and thrive;
At last Death stricke him downe, and laid him flat,
He dy'd, and gave the poore no man knowes what.

The Funerall teares are quickly dry'd and done,
And now behold his long Eclipsed Son,
From th' obscure Clouds of basenesse rushing forth,
To shew his Father left him something worth;
He lets those Angels fly to sight externall,
His Dad had long kept darke, like Fiends infernall;
He roares, and Revells, drabs, & drinks and Dices,
Wearcs and sees fashions, & most strange devices;
Marries

Marries at last into a Stocke of State,
 Maintaines her, as befits a Ladies Rate
 And more; because her joyes shall full be Crown
 He buyes a Knight-hood of five hundred pound:
 Her Ladiship will quickly have a care
 To be as proud as other Ladies are;
 For though of wealth they have the Divell and all
 Her pride shall make their Charity so small
 That she will make her Knight to scrape and gathe
 And keepe a base House like the slave his Father;
 That e're a year or two be gone and past,
 A man may sooner breake his Netke then's fast.
 And as the Ocean's bounds are largely bounded,
 So *Avarice*, is measurelesse unsounded;
 The Sea hath many branchies, that doe keepe
 Their Tributary course into the Deepe,
 As fountains, springs, brooks, make mighty Rivers
 Those Rivers all into the Sea delivers
 All these disbursements; yet for all the store
 Th'insatiate Ocean hath no jot the more;
 So *Avarice*, though it be still supply'd
 With aydes, or helpes, like a perpetuall Tyde
 It swallowes all; and yet, it's Drop sic thirst
 Is as unquenchable as 'twas at first.
 And now (most pertinent) I will expresse
 Th'attendance that doe waite on *Covetousnesse*.
 Mistake me not, 'tis not my ayme or drift
 T'enveigh: gainst honest gaine, or Lawfull thrift;
 Inhumane

humane *Lucre*, Spawne of *Avarice*,
 Which wretched men esteeme at so high price;
 That they (above all vertues) seeke and chuse it,
 And will lose Heaven it selfe before they le lose it.
Lucre is cruell, In an Anagram
 Which doth expresse the Nature of the same;
 As there be any thing more cruell, then
 Or greedy *Lucre*, men should Murder men?
 Solves in their Kind amongst themselves agree,
 Or *Lucre* men each others Bane will bee.
 Here are a swarme of old *Gebres* Tribe,
 That for the love of *Lucre* love a Bribe:
 With that they and their posterity,
 Light likewise have *Gebres* Leprosie:
 As it stoops to Carrion, Beasts to grasse & Herbage
 So will these Mungrells doe to golden Garbage.
 A Bribe may spin a Suite in Law, so long
 That he whose cause was right, may have the wrong.
 A Bribe may have that force and powerfulness,
 To make the greater Theeves hang up the lesse:
 A Bribe, the Scales of Justice oft hath sway'd,
 And made a Whore passe currant for a Maid.
 My *Satyre* might an endlesse Journey run,
 To search what villany Bribes hath nor done:
 What mischiefes still it doth, and more would doe,
 But that the eye of Justice looks thereto;
 Yet many times and oft, I heare it sed,
 That Justice long agoe to Heaven is fled:

And.

(11)

And that by her, our faults cannot be seene,
 So many Clouds are interpos'd betweene:
 But I would have all vaine farmisers know
 True Justice sees, and notes what's done below,
 No Bribe, that Court of Conscience tollerates,
 Nor no Bribe-taker enters in those Gates.
 There comes no Lawyer thither that playes booty,
 Th'oppressors soule's kept out, all smutch'd & sooty.
 The fear'd, the flaw'd, corrupt gal'd conscience,
 Are all eternally exil'd from thence.

But as all Trees are Wood, yet every Tree
 Is not to burne; some fit for buildings be,
 For Fruite or Physicke some, and some for shade,
 For divers uses diversly are made:

Yet mens opinion all in this agrees,
 That they are all in generall call'd Trees.

I have heard *Broomes* call'd *Besoms*, and I have
 Heard honest Titles put upon a Knave:

Yeast is call'd *Barme*, or *Rysing*, but 'tis knowne
 That *Barme*, and *Yeast*, and *Rysing* all are one.

Even so a *Bribe*, though it can make a shift
 To turne the Name unto a friendly gift,

A kind *Remembrance*, or a *Courtesie*,
 A *Fee*, a *Present*, or *Gratuity*;

A *Thanks*, or a *Reward*, or what you will,
 Yet 'tis a *Bribe*, if given or taken ill.

The sundry Names cannot the Nature alter,
 The name of *Rope*'s oft put upon the Halter;

B

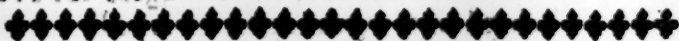
Yet

Yet hee's a Blocke, a sencelesse Stocke or Stone,
 That thinks for naught to have his businesse done;
 He may as well expect meat, drinke, & cloathing;
 House-rent and Land: & all things else for nothing.
 If I will have my Lawyer plead for me,
 'Tis just that he from me should have his Fee;
 For be I either Plaintiffe, or Defendant;
 And that my cause is difficult, dependant;
 If my good Lawyer doe with paines and cares,
 Free me from out the Lawes entangled Snares,
 That he, or any other whomsoever
 Shall doe me good, or use their best endeavour,
 I would requite them any way I could;
 And such Requitalls for no Bribes I hold.
 'Tis being forc'd to give, or to subscribe
 Before the businesse done, that makes a Bribe;
 But he that for a good turne is ingratefull,
 I wish him live accurst; and dye most hatefull.
 Thus Bribery is a Member of great price,
 And chiefe supporter unto *Avarice*.
 The High-way Theefe that robs by day or night,
 Doth *Covet* that which is not his by right.
 The filching Rogue (as every where 'tis knowne)
 Doth Pilfering covet, what is not his owne;
 The Gamblers that play deeply, soone or late,
 Are covetous to win each others state.
 The perjur'd Slave is courteous, for he
 Will pawne his Eares unto the Pillory;

And

And purposely (another's goods to gaine)
 Hazzard his soule to everlasting paine.
 The Cheater, Pickpocket, and Cut-purse Knave,
 Are covetous another's Coyne to have;
Nick Froth the Tapster with his curtall Kan
 Most courteous courteous Cheates every man,
 False Weights or measures, be they great or small
 Are *Avarices* Slaves, and Servants all.
Monsieur Projector Monopollitan
 A Well compos'd, ill dispos'd Gentleman;
 That for his good deservings, night and day
 Is pray'd for oft, (the cleane contrary way)
 The Sea of Avarice is his maine Ocean (motion,
 Through which he swims, and struggles for Pro-
 Which being long in gaining soone is lost,
 Upon the waves of Envy heav'd and toss'd.
 The winds of lighes and curses raise a storme,
 (And in the conscience lyes a gnawing Worme)
 That hurles him too and fro, from place to place;
 (That he can scarcely at his meate say Grace)
 He splits upon the *Rocke* of scorne and spight,
 And just disgraces *Quick-sands* sinke him quite.
 Thus have I shew'd that covetousnesse is
 The very Roote of all that is amisse;
 All men, (as men) are subject to offending,
 My *Satyre* bites such, as are quite past mending.
 May not that man be justly call'd a foole
 That thinkes to make good *March-pans* of a stoole,

Or of a Sewes ease frame a Velvet purse,
 Or of a She-Bear make a good melch Nurse,
 Drinke *Aquafortis*, and sustaine no harme,
 Or take the Towne of *Dunkirk* with a Charme:
 The way to doe all these I'le sooner find,
 Then satisfie an Avaricious mind;
 A hungry Iade the World can never fill,
 Still feeds, still leaves, still empty, hungry still;
 And so I wish all men away to beat him,
 Or knocke his brains quite out & let dogs eat him:
 But he that willingly will entertaine him,
 I wish an old house may fall down and braine him.



3. Satyre. *The bragging Rogue.*

A Nother Coxcomb boasts of ex'lent parts,
 How he hath practis'd Arms, & studdied Arts;
 His Travells to write downe would Volumes fill,
 Beyond our famous Sir *John Mandivill*:
 And to his reputation 'twere a blot,
 To put him in the ranke of *Don Quixot*.
 He past the *Zones*, *Phrygia*, and *Torrida*,
 Surveigh'd the South World, call'd *Incognita*,
 And there he saw Great *Gorgons* empty Scull
 So bigge, foure Bushels scarce could fill it full.

At

At Stamboloye, (a most stately Port,) Where the Emperor great Rohombo keeps his Court;
There in a Shamaranguah, (which we call A Chappell) was a building round and tall,
Where as the huge Gargantuan corps were laid, The Tombe is full a Furlongs length 'tis said;
Built of a polisht stone like Crimson jet, (Surpassing farre the Tombe of Mahomet)
Enchac'd with precious Stones that dims the sight That none can looke on't, it doth shine so bright.
From thence he past the streights of Magellan, And casted was by mighty Poubatan,
Where 'mongst a world of dainties to be brieft, A Phenix stew'd in white-broath was the chiefe.
Tut, it will tire a man to heare him halfe He hath scene Miloes Bull, and Walthams Calfe;
The Monmouth Cap of famous Owen Glendor, And three eye teeth of th' ancient witch of Ender:
Ischariots Lanthorne, at Saint Denys, Th' Ephesian Dian, at the Louvre is:
The Amphitheater that's at Ulfmos, The Pirramids of Egypt, or the Isthmos
That parts Utopia from faire Thessaly, Or lofty Atlas that doth prop the sky.
If all be true he sayes, we may him call The God of Warrs Lieutenant Generall:
No Turke, or Tassar, Moore, or Mirmidon Such valient exploits hath under-gone:

He learn'd Wars Horne-booke first, & did not stint
 But pass his Grammer Rules was perfect in't;
 He first began with Trayning, Mustring, Drilling,
 Before he came to fighting, or to killing;
 To March, to put his men in *Files*, and *Ranks*,
 To order a *Batalia*, wings, or *Flanks*,
 To lead the *Vanguard*, or bring up the *Rear*,
 To be here, there, (and almost every where)
 To guide and manage men, and make them stout,
 Double your *Ranks* and *Files*, faces about:
 He serv'd the *Turke* nine yeares, a *Renegado*,
 Where oftentimes he felt the *Bastinado*;
 And though he wore a Coate of *Bare-freozado*,
 Yet there he learn'd the Art of a *Soldado*,
 'Taffront an Enemy with a *Bravado*,
 To make a *Battery*, and to use *Señalado*;
 To use *Petards*, *Engines*, *Wild-fire*, *Granado*,
 'Tintrappe the Foe by secret *Ambuscado*;
 To Raife, Mount, Parrapet, or *Camisado*,
 To make a strength more strong with *Canvasado*;
 With his good Sword to use the *Imbrocado*;
 The *Punto*, the *Reverso*, the *Stackado*:
 And for Land Service, or the Sea *Armado*,
 He knowes a roll of Match from *Trinidado*.
 His Musick drums, Guns, Cannons, thundering rore,
 As if the *Welkin* were in totters rore;
 The Harquebuz and Muskets goe pit pat,
 Towers, Castles, Forts, and Citadells laid flat;
 Mines,

Mines, Counter-mines, Assaults, Repulses, Sallies,
 Whilst Horse and men shalne strow the Blood and
 Battalies, batties, breaches, arduous, annies, Vallies
 Broyles, Garboyles, hot encounters, fieroe Allarms,
 Fortifications, Camps, Redoubts, and Trenches;
 Varruits, and Counter-mines, walls, scones, fences,
 On-sets and On-slaughts he hath beene upon,
 He blow up *Tarsu*, conquer'd *Babylon*,
 He stood *Pordus* beneath the frozen *Zone*,
 Turn'd to a man of Ice, or Chrystal Stone.
 The same day *Ad*: his valour did inspire
 And thaw'd him brave, with Sulphur, smoke, & fire,
 He in the Battell seem'd a marvell flame,
 In smouldring Powder, he that day o're came
 The Tartar *Chow*, and nere to *Samerand*,
 He with *Mackingly Shough*, fought hand to hand,
 The Leagues, and the Sieges he hath seene,
 The dreadfull dangers where he oft hath beene;
 He hath danc'd *Antiques* in a Crimson Flood,
 And swom *Levathas* in a sea of blood:
 In greatest perills he would bravely en,
 His throate belch'd fogge, and flames like *Phoe*.
 Thus *Sallimander* like, he oft hath beene
 In scorching flames, and three winters in
 An Icy coate, like Armour shining bright
 He serv'd the *Pole*, against the *Moscovite*.
 He hath laine downe to sleepe a *Man*, in snow,
 And rose a *Snow-ball*, or a *Hall of Snow*.

like the *Camelion* (not to food inclin'd)
 He liv'd by sucking the cold Northerne Wind,
 Pain'd by the blast of *Fame*, that swiftly flies,
 Compounding and confounding truth with lyes.
 He hath a Blade, (if his report be true)
 Wherewith he sixteene desperate *Corporalls* flew;
 And eight *Leinutenants* he out-right hath kill'd,
 Four valiant *Serjants* he hath slaine in Field:
 Two Noble *Captaines* and one *Generall*,
 His fury, force perforce did force to fall.
 Blades broake, & batter'd Hilt, he hath had more
 Then any Castle can containe the store;
 He had a Rapier, sharpe, pure *Castiliano*,
 With which he gor'd and kill'd a great *Umbrano*,
 For guided with an Arme and courage fierce,
 It quite through double Cannon proofe will peirce.
 Hee'le Guard himselfe from any Bullets fall,
 His Sword's his Racket, and the shot the Ball,
 Which though it swiftly come, he's so quick-ey'd
 That with his *Morgley* he would turne't aside:
 With the same *Billo*, once he madly strikes
 And crop'd the toppes off, from a Grove of Pikes:
 Thus fighting oft in Winter, and in Summer,
 He had more wounds than holes are in a Scumme r.
 A thousand blowes and bruises, knocks, & cuts
 He hath receiv'd; eight times shot through the guts.
 He was in League late before *Breda*,
 Associate with the Marquesse, *Spinola*.
 And

And being in a Boate upon the water,
 A Musket shot rub through his *Pinnwater*,
 It peirc'd his *Perricranion*, that his braine
 Was taken out and wash'd, put in againe.
 Yet all these wounds and all his desperate matches,
 He calls them petty hurts, or simple scratches:
 He was so mawl'd once at *Bergbenap Zone*,
 Boyes call'd him *Raw-head* there, and *Bloody-bone*.
 From thence he tooke his Journey into *Flanders*,
 And so to *England* where he casts and mannders;
 Where though he be not now the man he was,
 For an old beaten Souldier he may passe.



4. Satyre. *The Mountebanks, or Quacksalver.*

Signeur *Gonsalvo*, come from *Naples* late,
 Hath in the Circumclution of his Pate
 Ingroft all Learning, and can teach the way
 To speake all Tongues; (excepting truth) they say;
 There's not a Pissing-post but weares a Bill,
 That doth Proclaime his admirable skill.
 In *Grammer*, *Logicke*, and in *Rhetoricke*,
Musicks, *Geometry*, *Arithmeticks*;
 Bright Star surmounting rare *Astronomy*,
 Life-saving *Physicke*, starving *Poetry*:

Invisible

Invisible Gold Creating *Alchimie*
 Extracting, and distilling *Chimistris*:
 These Arts perfection are exceeding rare,
 And are (me thinks) too much for one mans share:
 But yet this *M. Mutchbanks* hath often swore
 That he is perfect in all these, and more.
 I will say nothing that may him deprave,
 But I will thinke he is a cheating Knave.
Grammer's the ground of Speech, though all men
 Without it; 'tis rude, simple harsh, & weak: (speak
 For though all speake by Nature, I can tell
 By rules of *Grammers* Art, men may speake well:
Logick's a Speech, that seemes by disagreeing
 To make things be, or not be in their being;
 To what menes wile, to try and to conclusions,
 And learnedly to reconcile confusions.
Rhetorique, I call th' Embroyderick, or the Varnish,
 That doth (with Eloquence) a Language Garnish:
 It decks speech, with stile, phrase, and illustration,
 And method; and is Crown'd with Admiration.
Arithmetique can shew by Numeration,
 How many Minutes past since the Creation:
 And how by finite Numbers, and by Fractions,
 Allusions may be made to all our Actions.
Astronomie doth search the Planets courses,
 Their Influences, their Aspects, and forces;
 The revolutions of Time, Dayes, and yeares,
 And how the Sun and Moone passe their Carreers.

Geometry

Geometry shewes; squares, rounds, cranes & flanes,
Miles, engines, ovalls, quadrats, trappes, and grins;
The Sea-mans COMPASSE, Clocke and Dyalls, all
houses, and Shippes built *Geometrical*.

Musicke consists of Ayres, of Sounds, of Voyces,
Of Time, space, measure, which the heart rejoyces:
Of Concord, Discord, Unity, Division,
Which none but Affes hold in base derision.

Physicks doth labour, study, search, and try
The hidden secrets of *Philosophy*

And every simple, for mans preservation;
The learn'd Physitians know their operation.
But Poetry must know much more than these,
It scales the Skies, it dives into the Seas,

'Tis fire, earth, water, aire; 'Tis sicknesse, health
Probatum est: 'Tis any thing but wealth,

And *Monsieur Quack-salver*, I tell thee plaine
Thou lye'st, to say these Arts are in thy braine.
Thou hast perhaps the *Theory* of prating,
And Iesuiticall Equivocating:

But for the *Practique*, thou as much dost know,
As he that said that Corne on Trees doth grow:
What madnesse hath possesst our Nation here,
That take delight to buy their deaths so deare:
Can not our Doctors we in *England* have,
Send us as cheape as Strangers to our Grave:
Or doe not our Physitians well deserue
To kill men, but they must *French-men* learne,

Of

Of *Germanes*, or *Italians*, oh base,
 And insupportable most vile disgrace:
 I dare presume that we know every way
 To helpe, hurt, kill or cure as well as they.
 But al things strange are rare, al's good that's deere:
 I muse we have no foreigne Hang-men here.
 'Tis miserable comfort, poore reliefe,
 More danger's in the Physicke than the griefe:
 Diseases oft are of such strange conditions
 They kill not, if not help'd by strange Physitions:
 Like Conjurers, they give their Pagan drugs.
 The fearefull name of the infernall Rugs:
 A Bitter Divell, *Collagumida*,
 A Stinking Divell, *Arsefetica*,
 A Peckey Divell, call'd *Zuraperilla*,
 A mortall for the *Morbus Gallicus*,
Elaphobascon, bane *Cantharides*,
Aureum Pomum, of th' *Hesperides*.
 With these (or such like Bug-bear words as these)
 They'le fright a sound man into a disease,
 And often put a sicke man in such fits,
 That he falls quite besides his little wits.
 But leaving such impostures as these be,
 The scorn of *Physicke*, and *Chyrurgery*,
 A swarme of *Vipers*, of so vile desert,
 So empty of experience, wit, and Art,
 That all their learn'd and over-boasted skills,
 Th' affare said posts doe weare in Printed Bills,

And

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And when unto the World it doth appeare,
They can doe halfe the Cures they promise there;
I for my writing will Repeat, and mourne,
And beg forgiveness; and my *Satyre* burne.



5. *Satyre*.

The Alchimist

NOW shall my flagging Muse a while persist,
And blaze the Honour of the *Alchimist*;
Fire, Water, Aire, Earth, to us presents,
The Names and Natures of foure Elements;
But *Alchimie* (preposterously) doth strive
To Multiply those Elements to five:
From *Ioues* and *Mercuries* quick Influence,
The *Alchimist* will draw a *Quintessence*;
With which extraction he a *Stone* will mould,
That shall turne *Tin, Brasse, Steele, & Lead* to gold.
He doth profess that *Stone* shall lengthen health,
Prolong our lives, give us abundant wealth:
But diuers wealthy men his skill have try'd,
And as they fooles did live, they Beggars dy'd,
Could he helpe others he would helpe himselfe,
To that impossible ne're purchast pelfe;
For commonly he's in a greasie Coate,
Old Hat and Boots, and cannot change a Groat:

Yet

Yet promisseth with more gold to possesse us,
 Than *Romane Cressus* had, or *Ladian Cressus*,
 But yet from these his golden hopes to feed,
 He borrowes many still to serve his need:
 He daily tries new-found experiments,
Soape, Scibium, Salt, and such ingredients
 As is *Argentum vive, Ordure, Urin,*
Coales, Crucibles, Eedd, Allom, poylonous *Vermin,*
 For he hath Guelded all the *Philosophers,*
 And with their onely Stone hee'll fill our Coffers.
 The Ridling and sophisticated Names
 Are most mysterious Dog-tricks, or *May-games*;
 For when the Furnace, or the Crucible,
 Begins to worke, or seeme conduible,
 He calls it the *Greene Lyon*, and anon,
 As soone as that first foame is *Presse*, gone;
 Then bubbles up the *Fleeting Heart* apace,
 To whom the *Fleeting Eagle* straight gives Chase:
 Next Master *Alchimist* puts in his Toole,
 And then amaine huffs up the *Dauncing Foole*.
 The *Dragon's Tayle* mounts next in Fog and froath,
 And next the *swolne Toade*, in a Bumble-broath:
 Last comes the *Crowes head*, (ugly blacke to see)
 More blacke ten times than any blacke can be.
 Then mounts the fume unto the Azure Skye,
 And straight drops downe the Scale of *Mercury*,
 And presently the golden worke is done,
 (Almost as neare as when 'twas first begun)

For

For then the Stone invisibly doth fall,
 Which (if he could but see) would make us all,
 But least we chauce to see it and not know it,
 What private markes it beares Ile plainly shew it;
 The substance of it is nor *Fire*, nor *Water*,
 Nor *Earth*, or *Aire*, nor Elementall matter;
 It hath no shape or colour, nor is fram'd
 Like any thing that is unnam'd, or nam'd;
 'Tis neither light, or heavy, soft, nor hard,
 Nor sharpe, or blunt, flat, ovall, round, or squar'd
 It is not sweet, nor doth it stinke our-right,
 'Tis not unpleasing, yet gives no delight.
 This is the Stone which many men desire,
 And he that finds it shall have for his hire
 Twelve Hog-heads fill'd, and 24. Buckets,
 Of Peices, Royalls, Nobles, and of Duckets;
 Thus to its owne and unknowne worth alone,
 I leave this Sterkill (Gold begetting) Stone.

6. Satyre.

The Hypocrite.

And now my Muse hath got an apperite,
 To touch a little of the *Hypocrite*;
 But let not any Reader thinke that I
 The name of knowing Zeale doe villifie;

For these my lines shall not touch any man,
 That (wrong) doth beare the Name of Puritan;
 No doubt, but many people well affected,
 (Are with that Jeering Title much dejected)
 Who will not sweare or lye presumptuously,
 And when they erre, they erre unwillingly;
 Who would be just in all they doe or say,
 And know the *Sunday* from a common Day;
 Who are conformable to Church and State,
 And have no minds to change or innovate:
 Who in their Callings labour, and take paine,
 And will doe no man wrong for earthly gaine:
 Who doe (for Conscience sake) obey command,
 And deale no further then they understand;
 Whose faiths are known by workes, & doing good,
 Such men are of a blessed Brother-hood.
 Some such there are, whose number is too small,
 And happy were all men to be so all.
 For when the Ruffian, or prophane wretch sweares
 Abusing *God* and man, with scoffes and Ieres
 If one that's Civill mildly doe reprove them,
 The Divell their Tutor presently doth move them
 To be in Choller; straight to sweare and ban,
 And call an honest man a *Puritan*:
 And thus some Rascalls hold no man in price,
 Except he be excusive given to vice;
 But those I meane are such, whose holy fits,
 Approves them to be haire-brain'd *Hypocrites*;
 Who

Who with a heav'd up hand, and white of eye
 Will doe a man a mischief zealously:
 They'le pray for Pardons for sins done and past,
 Praise temperance, yet will sooner hang than fast;
 And on Religious points will stand most stoutly,
 And in conclusion cozen men devoutly.
 Their best Opinions are like Weather-cockes,
 Their wits are vapours, and their heads are blocks;
 Their *Braines* are puffed, & stuffed with windy bubbles,
 Their *Concord's* discord, & their peace is troubles.
Caine Sacrific'd, and *Iesabell* did fast,
 Prince *Absolom* some silly fooles embrac'd;
 So *Indas* kist, when as to kill he meant,
 So *Pilate* wash'd, yet was corruptly bent:
 So *Ananias* brought his fained gift;
 So *Sathan* alledg'd Scripture for a shift.
 These were all Hypocrites, and so are they
 That wrest, to serve God the contrary way.
 For many a soule (by them prevented) wanders
 In misty *Labyrinths*, and crook'd *Meanders*:
 One would have *this*, and th'other would have *that*
 And most of them would have they know not *what*
 For were we bound unto their approbation,
 We should have a mad fashion'd Congregation.
 Nor doe I thinke it meete the Church should crave
 Their wisdoms counsell, what is fit to have,
 Their long *Tantologie*, extemporary prating,
 Their babbling repetitions, oft repeating,

Are but meeke froath, without Pith, weak, un-
grounded,
And these have many a Conscience prick'd, and
wounded;

For they will turne a *Wind-mill* to a *Cow*,
And of a rotten Cloake-bag make a Plow.
Ixion, so his time in vaine did walt,
When (stead of *Juno*) he a Cloud embrac'd,
Upon which Cloud the *Centaur* be begot,
And such strange Monsters breeds their zeale so hot:
Or like the fellow in a Moone-shine Night,
Saw in a Pond or Poole, her likenesse bright;
And Riding in to give his Mare some drinke,
The *Moone* behind a Coale-black cloud did shrink:
He (being drunke) began to storme and sture,
And swore the *Moone* was swallow'd by his Mare.
Such are their reall Arguments, and such
Are all their points wherein they stand so much:
They most dispute whereas their cheere is best,
And (in Plum-broath) they Church & State detest
Offsacred Scriptures (betwixt every bit)
They Coyne interpretations with their wit;
These seperatists, the *Alchimists* would play,
And turne our golden peece to Drosse or Clay.
'Tis not their Organizing in the Nose,
Their hate to Verse, or love to tedious Prose:
Their scorn, like dust that's cast against the Wind,
Which in their blind eyes fals & makes more blind.

For

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For Envy's like an Arrow shot upright,
Which on the Shooters heads with danger light.
Thus they by Owle-light still doe misse the marke,
And like poore Currs against the *Moone* they barked:
For sure small credit to that man belongs
That can be wrong'd, with bablers Pens or tongues.
Awake my Muse, shake off this filthy scum,
These dreggs, who altogether are a summe
Of many Simples and Ingredients;
Of innovating disobedience.
I wish them all with holinesse endow'd,
To be more knowing zealots, and lesse proud:
And as for their good fakes these lines are pend,
I leave them either to amend or end.

C 2

7. Satyre

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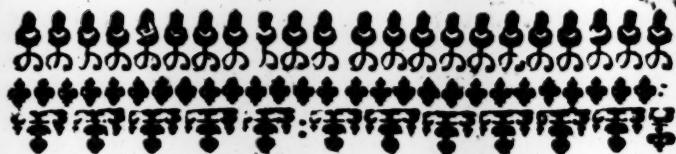
7. Satyre.

The Whoore.

*He tell thee who's a Whoore;
that thing's a Whoore
Which whilst men most embrace
they most abhorre,*

PRiz'd in the heate of Blood, at costly rate,
A Dish we feed on, surfet, and then hate:
They Trafficke for diseases, wast their youth
In woefull Riot; without wit, or truth.
They sell their soules an heritage to win,
An Heritage in Hell, deare bought with sin:
Put case they compasse age; what's their reward?
Th'are old, poore, scorn'd, & beg without regard.
They would repent them, then know not the way;
Such are all Whoores, who wilfully doe stray:
There hath bin Whoors much honour'd, Whoors
of State;
Who bought Damnation at a deare, deare rate:
And 'tis a difference, which offendeth more,
Either a Coached, or a Carted Whoore?

comproous whore may rustle some small time;
 at State and Pompe extenuates no Crime.



8. Satyre. *Of degenerate Honour.*

HONOUR is not compil'd in Ranke, or File,
 Or Measure, for no man hath reacht that Stile
 But by supernall favour; and from thence
 True Honour hath it's onely influence:
 For *Sardanapulus* was mighty once,
 Yet by Voluptious frailty was a Duncce:
 Then what an Ass is he that hath a State
 Either by his Inheritance, or Fate,
 And squanders it, and dribbles it away,
 To be his Honours and his House decay:
 He that would be a Gentleman compleat,
 Should every way seeke to be good as great;
 And he that is not so, himselfe doth plunge,
 And is the curse of man, and Satans sponge:
 Of Fatterers he may have a mighty shole,
 And in the World may boare a mighty hole;

And when he sinks into that hole he bores,
 He dyes unpittied; no man him deplores.
 God is true Honour-giver, and will still
 Defend it with his Eviternall Will.
 And let the sacred Sisters all fore-fend,
 That any word should from my Muse be pend
 That may be tooke amisse; for I perswade
 My selfe, that none will kick, except a Jade:
 I know I play the foole in every line,
 But no wise man will set his wit to mine;
 Nor let a Scholler to a Sculler be
 An opposite, though different in Degree;
 For though I touch'd at damned pride before,
 Perhaps I should be proud if I had more.
 I blame the man that's covetous, but why?
 Because I want his precious Treasury.
 I jeere the *Quack-salver*, and *Mountebanke*,
 Alas I cannot reach unto their Ranke.
 I scoffe the maundring Knave, and *Alchimist*,
 Yet I (perhaps) would faine doe what I list.
 I mocke the *Hypocrite*, yet I confesse
 I (Hypocrittically) still transgresse:
 And I am stark naught, so that Tongue nor Pen,
 Can make me better than the worst of men.

FINIS.